

THE Hate of Treason,

With a touch of the late
Treason.

By N. B.



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Inde Sloabru a. 1717



To the most high and noble Lord
the Duke of Lineux, health, ho-
nour, and eternall happinesse.

Right honourable, and my gracious good
Lord, your apparant true love to his Ma-
iestie, with your assured hate to all his
ene mieshath made me out of my hum-
ble hearts love and service, to his Maiestie and
your Grace, to write these few invective lines a-
gainst the most hatefull, and horrible nature of
Treason, and Traitors : I name no person offend-
ant, and wish there were no such offence. But ho-
ping that God will weede out the wicked, and
blesse his Maiestie with a world of loving Subiects
& encrease his love with many such good friends
as your selfe, in praycr for his Maiesties, and your
long life, with health, and all hearts
happinesse, I humbly rest

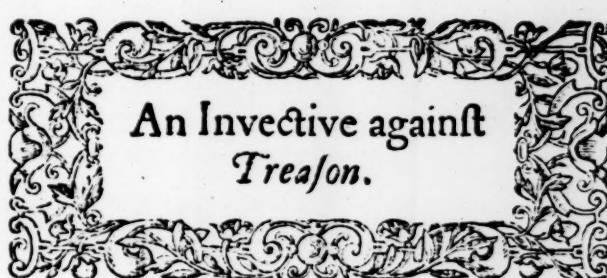
*Your Graces in all humble
service, N. B.*



To all that love God,
and the King.

Nobles, and Gentlemen, and all other his Majesties loving subiects, of what condition soever, let me laie before your eies a few invective lines, against the horrible nature of Treason, and especially against so gracious a King, Queen, and Prince, so honourable a Counsaile, and so blessed a State. The consideration whereof, may make the hearts of all true Christians to tremble, to thinke that the Divell had so great a power in the world, as to sow so much wickednesse in the hearts of unhappy men. But, God that euer is, and will be gracious unto his, hath revealed their vilenie, and so preserved his people, as in the preservation of our King and Countrey, from the Divell and all his devices, hath given iust cause, day and night to give glorie to his holie Majestie, to whose Almightrie tuition and mercifull goodnesse I leave thee. From my lodging in London.

Your friend as I find cause.



An Invective against Treason.



OH what a wretched wicked world is this,
So little faith in soules, or loue in hearts !
So many minds, mind nothing but amisse.
Thus on this earth, can Divels play their parts,
To poyson soules with such infernall darts,
Can nothing flow but wealth and wickednesse,
To drowne the world in all vngodlinessse.



What mischiefe walkes among the minds of men?
Will nothing serve their discontented wills?
Must they needes run into the divels den ?
Are these the scopes of *Machimilian* skill,
That all the world, with his infection fills ?
Oh God, what divell could in ill go further?
Then pride in malice practice hellish murther.

A 3 To

An Invective

To kill at all, is an vnkinde desirc,
To kill a foe, is but a bloody fact,
To kill a friend, a heate of hellish fire,
To kill a neighbour, an vngratious act,
To kill a brother, horrors fowle abstract,
To kill a father, too vnnaturall,
To kill a king, the wickedst deede of all.



For, father, brother, neighbour, friend, or foe,
In each of these, but few to ruine runne:
But in a King, or Princes overthrow,
How many thousand thousands are vndone
Wo worth the hand that such ill thred hath spun,
As by the worke of Sathan's wickednes,
A world of Christians should endure distresse.



But all together, King, Queene, Prince, and Peere,
The Bishop, Lord, the Judge, the Magistrate,
When they should all in parliament appeare,
For the establishing of a blessed state,
Even then to shew the horror of their hate,
And by a fire, devised for the nonce,
To teare the house, and blowe them vp at once.

What

against Treason.

What care doth heare, whose spirit doth not trem.
To thinke vpon the horror of this a ct, (ble
If all the Divells did in hell assemble,
Among themselves to make a foule compact:
How could they finishe a more hainous fact,
Than so to seeke the ruine of a State,
And leave so faire a Land so desolat?

But God in heaven, who from his seat beholdeth,
Heav'n, earth, sea, hel, & what ech one containeth,
And every thought of every heart vnfoldeth,
And for his service, all and some retaineth,
Hating the pride his powerful hand disdaineth:
Hath broke the force of all their wicked frame,
And made their work vnto the world a shame.

But of the griece of grieves, in gratiouse thought,
To see a villaine on a vertuous King,
By a secret malice to have murder soughe,
Murder on him, and on his after spring;
What care hath heard of a more hellish thing,
Than for a little gaine of prides content,
To practise murther on the Innocent?

Our

An Invective

Our gratiouse King, on whom the King of Grace
Hath rainde a shoure of his eternall Graces,
And over vs, hath given the Kingly place,
Of high command, command the King of places
Ordainde for him, and for his royll Races:
This godly King whom God himself hath sent
What do we aile, that he cannot content.



To whom is he a foe? but to our foes,
A neighbour borne, and ever found a friend,
In love, a brother, and his care who knowes
Might, as a sonne, a fathers love commend:
And, for a King, let it be wisely weende.
And Reasons eies will see that Royalty,
That will coniure a Christians loyalty.



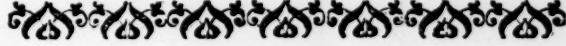
Whose proved love hath he left vnregarded,
Whom, but the wicked, hath hee ever hated?
Whose vertuous acts hath he left vnrewarded?
Whose power, but Prides, hath ever he abated?
Whose humble suites hath he left disilated?
Whose true affect, but he in favour graces?
Whose gratiouse life, but he in love embraces?

Whose

against Treason.

Whose Virgines hath his wanton loue defloured,
Whose worthy honour hath his scorne disgraced,
Whose wealth hath he with auarice deuoured,
Whose loue despised, or whose fame defaced,
Or vertuous person from his place displaced:

What proued grace, but in his grace approued,
To make his Grace of gratiouse harts beloued.



Learnings aduaancer, and Religions loue,
Wisedomes affecter, Reasons studient,
Valours maintainer, Vertues Turtle doue,
Of Maiesty earths royll President:
Graces companion, Honours continent, (der,
Heauins gratiouse blessing, & worlds worthy won-
Lie our king *James*, to bring earths kingdoms vn-
(der.



Amen, good God, and Diuell let them be,
Who to this prayer will not say Amen,
Blinde be his eies, and let him neuer see,
Who hides himselfe in vtter darkenesse denne,
And pinnes his thoughts vp in impatience penne,
Where by the traines of treasons foule illusion,
He brings both soule and body to confusion.

B

Oh

An Invective

Oh, tis a woe, to thinke vpon the thought,
That entreth into a defiled heart:
And with what spedc the wit is ouerwrought,
That once is led to learme the Diuell's Arte,
Who will haue all, if once he get a parte:
Whcre still one sinne he heapes vpon an other,
Till he the soule in vtter darkenes smother.

He makes a King esteemd below his state,
Murder, a Plot, where Policie may plod,
Pride, a brave humor, Wealth a Magistrate,
Content a kingdome, and a King a God:
But in these humours heaven and he are odde:
For, good mistaken makes him prove so evill,
As far from God doth make him prove a devil.

Oh when a crue of ydle headed wits,
That think they have a world within their brains,
To counsaile fall in their fantastick fits,
By liche of grace, to lay vngratious traines,
See how they make their profit of their paines:
Sorow & shame, despaire, death & damnation,
The Story writes of *Iudas* constellation.

What

against Treason.

What can be thought to be the fruit of Treason?
Feare in the heart before it be effected,
A lacke of Grace, and an abuse of Reason,
Where heedelesse wit is ill, by wil directed,
Till both by Wisedome ruinde and reected:
While hope of honor runs on *Fortunes* wheels,
Findes death, and hell to follow at their heeles.

Who can have pitty on so vile a soule,
As murder seekes on such a gratiouse King?
Let him be put into the divels roule,
Whose heart can yeeld to such a hellish thing:
For but from hell doe all such horrors spring:
Where let vs see how wicked wits do worke,
And how the divell in their wills doth lurke.

When Craft hath gotten wealth, and Riches ease,
And ease bred pride, and pride ambition,
Ambition seekes but it owne selfe to please,
And lacke of pleasure breedes sedition:
Then if a wicked soule's condition
Beginne to builde the Tower of *Babilon*,
Who will not laugh at his confusion?

An Invective

Who hath enough, and yet will looke for more,
Let him remember *Midas* choaking gold:
And such a Steward for the Divels store,
Onely in heauen, doth his chiefe office hold.
Who hath for coine his soule and conscience sold:
A Traitor proues in such a high degree,
As merites hanging on the highest Tree.



When God in mercie sends a gracious King,
A gracious King gives tokens of his love,
A loving King is such a heavenly thing,
As onely grace doth give from God above,
To such a King who doth a Traitor prove,
To God and man, doth fall out so vngratefull,
As both to God & man must needs be hateful.



Fie on the world that ever wickednesse,
Should roote it selfe so in the heart of man,
While gracelesse thoughts in all vngodlinessse,
Do onely tincke vpon the golden pan,
And make their bread of an vnkindly bran:
Which seeming wheat, is but a wicked weede,
Sowne by the divell, in a hellish seede.

The

against Treason.

The busie braines that in their high conceits,
Begin to build strange Castels in the aire,
Will find their humours fall out but deceits,
When lacke of wit doth prove but follies heire,
While patience passion sits in Sorowes chaire:

To see Repentance prove the best event,
That can fall out of Rashnesse discontent.



Oh glorious God, since man was first created,
Was ever heard so great a villanie!
Did ever men deserve so to be hated,
As this accursed hellish companie,
That in their soules doe hide such treacherie!
Let all the world, through all the world go seek,
What eie hath seene, or eare hath heard the like.



But our good God, that with his gracious eie
Beholdes his children in his charie love,
And in the greatnessse of his Maiestie,
The sicly weakenesse of our soules doth prove,
With his high glorious mercies hand above,
Even when we most his mercie have offended.
Still from destruction, hath our state defended.

An Invective

O blessed Britaine, more then greatly blessed,
In God, thy King, his Councell, and thy state,
How can his glorie be enough exprested?
Which to the world thy wonders may relate,
When not by force of Fortune, nor of Fate,
But by his grace, thy King and Counsailes care,
This thy deliverance iustly may declare.



Oh heathen, hatefull, and most hellish soules,
Void of all thought of God, or of his grace, (bowls
That so could make their throates such bloody
And such a poison in their spirits place,
All roote of honour, from the land to race!

O that such beasts, as so much shame do beare,
Could be forgot as though they never were.



Surely in hell this plot had first a breeding,
From thence, in low places talk't vpon,
Low in a Seller, had it then proceeding:
And there by low spirits wrought vpon:
To secke a kingdomes whole confusyon:
Thus, low in earth and hell, by wicked fiends,
Wicked beginnings, make as wicked ends.

But

against Treason.

But truly lowly had those spirits beene,
They had not set their haughtie minds so high,
Nor had their eies with shame and sorrow seene,
The hatefull fruits of hellish treacherie,
But Pride, the plotter of all villanie,
In cursed thoughts where all confusions dwell,
Wrought low in earth to bring them down to hel.

For Gallowes minds, not gallant minds indeed,
That make Rebellion but a rule of wit,
Do seldome better with their Treason speede.
Then iustly is for such offences fit,
For, God himselfe that ever hateth it,
How ere the Divell blinds the damned cies,
Will plague it with a world of miseries.

Fooles more then mad, with strange imagination,
Aspiring higher then the hope of Grace,
Do headlong runne their soules vnto damnation:
Carelesse to note the nature of their race. (place,
While beggers seeke both Lordes and Kings to
Working such wonders as were never knowne,
Till all their wicked thoughts be overthowne.

But

An Invective

But, was there ever such a wicked dreame,
To overthrowe a kingdome with a blast?
Did ever witts so worke against the streme,
All care of conscience from the heart to cast,
And with their soules to run to hell so fast:
It cannot be, but that the men were mad,
That in their braines such wicked humors had.



For when King, Prince, and lord, and knight were
Then beggars would begin a gouernment: (gone
And lords and princes shall be every one
Within the compasse of the Continent
Of this rebellious beastly rabblement:
But of this dreame see what a wake doth fall,
Mercy or Death must make an end of all.



Do we not see it euery houre effected,
Treason still hatefull both to God and man?
And traitorous harts from heavenly truth reieected,
And hell the place where first the Plot began,
When Sathan first did seeke the spoile of man,
When *Euahs* pride, and *Judas* auarice,
Do shew the compasse of their deepe deuice.

against Treason.

O Pride, betrayer of vntempred thought!
And Avarice, the enemy to grace,
Which brings the haps of al their hopes to noght,
That in their soules doe suffer them a place,
Most filthy finnes that doe all fame deface.

God blesse all Britans, and all *Britany*,
From all the venome of such villany.



And now, sweete Lord, that you do plainly see,
How God doth plague this hellish sinne of Pride,
And what the end of all those Traitors bee,
That in their hearts do such a venome hide;
O let it never neere your heart abide,
But thinke the note of Truths nobility,
All in the vertue of Humility.



Prowde *Lucifer* an Angell was of Light,
Till he presumde to mount a steppe too hie,
But see what grew of his vngratioust fight,
From heaven to hell he gat his fall thereby,
A iust reward of wicked treachery:
Where losse of grace, & gaine of endles griefe,
Paies home the proud, the traitor, & the thiefe.

C

For,

An Invective

For, Pride first layes the wicked Plot of Treason,
Treason steales into the ambitious breast,
Ambition robs both wit and sence of Reason;
The heart of Truth, the spirit of his Rest,
And makes it cursed, that might else be blest:
 Of hellish pride, the onely Traytor Thiefe,
 That is the ground of all eternall griefe.



Why Pride doth blinde, the eie infects the minde,
Venoms the heart, and gives the soule a sting:
And in all vilenes of so vile a kinde:
None can describe it, tis so vile a thing,
It doth ill humours to such issue bring,
 That pitty twere but such a plague approved,
 From christian hearts should ever be removed.



O the sweete sence of Loves humilitie!
Which feares displeasure in a dearest friend,
The onely note of Truths nobilitie,
Whose worthy Grace is graced without end:
For, who wants faith, wants little of a fiend:
 While faithful love, in humble truth approved,
 Doth ever live, of God and man beloved.

Alas,

against Treason.

Alas, the little time of Natures leave,
To runne the course of her allotted care,
Where idle shadowes, the eie deceave,
That onely hunteth after Fortunes share:
And had, must leave it ere it be aware:
Looke, looke at heav'n, and let the world go by,
Better to die to live, than live to die.

Let pride be hatfull vnto every state,
It is a vice with vertue not allowed;
And such a vice as vertue hath in hate,
For vertue never makes the spirite prowde,
But hath her love the humble heart avowde:
And in advauncement of Nobilitie,
Gives greatest grace to Truths humilitie.

Which grace is gratiouſ in the ſight of God,
Makes men as Saints, and women Angells ſeeme,
Makes ſinne forgotten, mercy vſe no rod,
And conſtant faiti to proove in great eſteeme,
While Wiſedomes care can never truth miſdeem,
But is in ſome, a bleſſing of the Higheſt,
And to the nature of himſelfe the nighgeſt.

An Invective

It maketh Vertue so in Beauty shone,
As if on earth there were a heavenly light,
It maketh wit in wisedome so divine,
As if the eie had a celestiall sight,
It is a Guide that leades the spirite right,
Vnto the place of that eternall rest,
Where all the blessed live for ever blest.



It makes a Court a kinde of Paradice
In subiects service, and the King his grace,
Whose favour drawes their harts vnto his eyes,
While they live blessed to behold his face:
O blessed Prince, that in his blessed place,
In Subiects love beholds his safeties being,
While they live happy in their Princes seeing.



God in his mercy send those humble mindes
To all the Subiects of our gratiouse King,
That he whose wisedome in true iudgement finds
Of humble faith, what fruits do fairely spring,
In his good grace may give vs cause to sing:
If on the earth a heaven be figurde thus,
The Lord of heaven graunt it in him, and vs.

Con.

Confound, C. In and
Cut off the trayours that intend him
And of his thoughts and actions so d. pou.,
That we may see thy wisedome in his will:
And so his spirite with thy blessing fill,
That he may seeke to gloriifie thy name,
And we be humbly thankefull for the same:



O heavenly God, let never hellish braine,
Have powre to doe his Maiestie misdeede,
But let themselves even by themselves be slaine,
That doe their spirites with such poison feede,
And let our harts in teares of Comfort bleede,
To thinke on thee, to blesse thy people thus,
To have so good a King to raigne over vs.



Blesse him, our Queen, & gratiouse Prince of ours,
And all their of-spring in their princely places,
Raine on their soules in thy celestiall showres,
The heav'ly comforts of thy holy graces,
That when thou seest thy favours in their faces,
They in their loves, and we in thankfull hearts,
May in thy prayers make true Musike parts.

✓ his wth and health,
Joy of loyes; -
Wisedome, & his state with wealth,
Nobles hearts with Truths nobilitie,
Subjects all, with loves humilitie:
his governement with such a worthy faine,
That he and we may glorifie thy name.



Vnto which prayer, let that wretch not live,
That doth not say Amen with sincere hart,
And doth not thee due glory humbly give,
That vnto vs in mercy doost impart
Such good, too good for our too ill desart: -
And grace our musike plaid on tru harts bright
For our King *James* blest be the knight.

F I N I S.

Grossart's edition, printed from the Royal MS.

Chertsey Worthies
Bretton, vol. I, p.

Confound, ô lorde, the forces of his foes,
cutt off ye Traytours, yt intend him ill;
and of his thoughts, and actions so dispose,

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Blesse him, and his, wth grace, long lyfe, and health,
and with the Joye of Joyes aeternitie;
his Peeres with wisedome; and his state wth wealth;
his Nobles harts, with truth's Nobilitie;
his Subiects, all, with Loves humilitie;
his Government, with such a woorthy fame,
that hee, and wee, may glorie thy name.

Running title: An Invective against Treason.